

*Eng. Poetry vol. 9.*

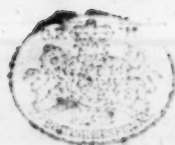
A N  
I D Y L L K  
O N T H E  
P E A C E.

*Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.*      *Virg. Eclog.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Parker, at the Unicorn under the Piazza of the Royal Exchange in Cornhil; Peter Buck, at the Sign of the Temple at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Eleetstreet; and are to be sold by R. Baldwin in VVarwick lane. 1697.

# THE IDYLL OF THE PEACOCK IN TEN BOOKS BY JOHN KEATS ESQ. LONDON



Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

Printed for J. Parker and J. Gutteridge, under the Piazza of the Royal Exchange, in Lombard Street, London, in the Sign of the Temple at the Middle Temple, and are to be sold by J. Parker and J. Gutteridge, at the Temple.

---

---

A N  
I D Y L L  
O N T H E  
P E A C E.

**T**He Shepherd *Thyrsis* sitting by a Stream,  
Which with soft murmurs glided thro the Plain,  
Call'd sage *Menalcas* from his Flocks, which graz'd  
On the green banks of the delicious brook,  
And speaking, thus perswaded him to sing.

A 2

*Thyr.*

*Thyr.* Have you not heard, *Menalcas*, that our Prince  
 Has sheath'd his Sword, and giv'n the Nations Peace?  
 That we shall now no more with trembling meet,  
 To know if *Cæsar* has escap't the Foe,  
 When fighting for the freedom of the world,  
 In fields of Blood amidst a thousand Deaths,  
 He us'd to combat with Contending Kings,  
 For Empire and insulted Monarchs rights.

Have you not heard, *Menalcas*, that his arms?  
 Victorious still when-ever he appear'd,  
 Have forc'd the Realms which long oppos'd his might,  
 To sue for Peace, and beg him to be Calm:  
 Why then so long before you take your Pipe?  
 And in the notes which you of *Phæbus* learnt,  
 Make the Woods eccho with his praise. Begin,  
 Extend thy Voice, and let the air be still:  
 Silence ye Winds, that nothing may be heard,  
 Thro all the Forests, but the Victors name.

*Menal.*



*Men.* The Winds are silent and the Air is still,  
 And every Ear expects the Victors name,  
 But who, oh *Thyrsis*, can attempt the Song?  
 Which, like his deeds, is worthy of a God.  
 Then why shall I, who have of *Phæbus* learnt  
 To sing, presume to venture on a Theme  
 So much above my notes, so fit for his.  
 Yet 'tis but just that we who shall enjoy  
 The best, the sweetest blessings of the Peace,  
 Should pay to him who gave us this repose,  
 The grateful tribute of our Praise: To him  
 Who, mighty as he is, will not refuse  
 To hear our Songs, the homage of the Plains.

Sing, Shepherds sing, let every Muse be heard,  
*Cæsar* returns, and in his smiles we see  
 His Mercy is triumphant o're his Rage.  
*Cæsar* and Peace returns, to make us blest.  
 Peace, the fair favourite Daughter of the Skys,

B

Joy

Joy of the Earth; land mother of delights,  
 Descends from Heaven, and terror disappears,  
 Peace to the fearful Parents gives their Son,  
 And the young Bridegroom to the longing Bride;  
 The Labourer now goes gladly to his Toyl,  
 And dreads no foreign hand to spoyl the Crop  
 Which he has sown, and quickly hopes to reap.  
 Our Musick and our Sports will be restor'd;  
 The Swains will now no more afflict our Shades  
 With sighs and Plaints, but fill 'em all with Songs,  
 With Hymns of Joy, for *Cæsar* brings us Peace.  
 Our Virgins now will quit the Sacred Groves,  
 Where their pure vows were still address'd to Heaven,  
 For him who sav'd their Innocence from wrong,  
 To meet the Hero and adorn his way  
 With Myrtles, Roses, and our rural sweets.  
 Ev'n those who from our Hills we oft have seen  
 Skud by our Rocks, and tempt the dangerous Shoar,  
 To reach with privacy their wish'd for Port,

And save their Treasures from the Pyrat's lust ;  
Will now, as we remember they have done,  
Let their gay Streamers wanton in the Wind,  
And fearless of the Robbers watchful Eye,  
Sail proudly by the Coasts they lately shunn'd.  
Peace shines abroad : But say again, O Muse,  
Say if thou canst, in a sublimer note,  
What Power has forc'd her now to visit Earth ;  
What God, propitious to our Vows, has hurl'd  
The meagre Rout of Discord to the Deep :  
*Nassau* ! his peoples Darling and their Pride,  
The Wonder and Delight of all Mankind,  
Has sheath'd his Sword, and giv'n the Nations Peace.

His Enemies, for such there are on Earth,  
Who hate the Vertue which they can't excel,  
Grew angry at his Glory, and oppos'd,  
With impious Arms, the Justice he requir'd :  
But soon forgot their boasts, and pray'd him to be friends ;

He

He heard their Pray'rs, and laid his Thunder by,  
 Too loud for such as had provok'd his wrath;  
 Forgave their insolence, and call'd 'em friends.  
*Nassau* ! to whom the Masters of the World  
 Come from their distant Empires to behold;  
 The Valour which has long employ'd the mouths  
 Of Fame, and been the wonder of their Courts,  
 Has sheath'd his Sword, and giv'n the Nations Peace.

*Nassau* ! who loves the rigours of a Camp,  
 Who smiles at Danger when his Glory calls;  
 VWho then too oft forgets he is a Man,  
 To do the Miracles so like a God,  
 That none could think him less, but by their fears;  
 And fears were needless, if the Deaths he meets  
 VVould always fly his Presence like his foes.

*Nassau* ! whose Councils wise as they are bold,  
 Make him as terrible in Courts as Camps;

H

And



And now are busy'd for the Worlds repose;  
Has sheath'd his Sword, and giv'n the Nations Peace.

Sing, Shepherds sing, let every Muse repeat  
*Nassau*, and at his name let every Soul be glad:  
Oh *Tbyrsis*, how will the malignant rout  
Who with vile pleasure said a thousand things  
Injurious to the name we sing? Behold  
The Hero come in Peace, and see him throng'd  
With all the pomp of Loyalty and Love,  
Their Breasts must burst with Envy, and their Eyes  
Glare with the baleful malice of their hearts;  
Or else perhaps with counterfeited zeal,  
For none more ready to dissemble Love.  
They'll wait upon his Chariot and unite  
Their shouts, with such as bless him from their Souls,  
But sure their Crys will be distinguish'd soon,  
These Sons of Discord quickly be perceiv'd,  
Their hollow notes discover what they think;

C

And

And *Cæsar's* goodness only make 'em safe.  
Oh, may that goodness sweeten their despair,  
Lest madly they attempt again on things  
Too black to think on in this hour of Joy,  
VWhen *Cæsar* lives, returns and reigns in Peace.  
Long may he reign, and triumph o're his Foes,  
Be always blest with Victory or Peace;  
May his years rowl as pleasant and as long  
As this clear Stream continues in its course,  
Long may he reign and triumph o're his Foes,  
And may his Life be lasting as his Fame.

Thus sung *Menalcas*, *Thyrsis* sitting by,  
Who felt a portion of the heavenly fire,  
Which warm'd the Shepherds breast, & made him sing,  
In notes which seem'd too lofty for the woods,  
And yet too humble for the wondrous Theme.



F I N I S.







